

Way to Amazonia 12

When all have found a place to sit or lean against the wall (the eurosappho tribe is BIG) the members of the amazonian tribe enter the festivity hut. Silently they sit down. After a while the chief enters the hut. She is clad in beautifully coloured garments and looks proud and tall. A hush of whispers follows her during her walk to the chair on the raised platform at the end of the hut. Finally, when she is seated, she gives a sign on which a few beautiful young dykes start passing around the traditional welcoming gift. Every woman receives a little saucer with 9 cola nuts. The young dykes recede into the background. The chief gives another sign and the women of the amazonian tribe all break out into a welcoming song. It is a beautiful song and although no eurosapphist understands a word they sing they are made to feel really welcome.

When the song is finished the eurosappho tribe feels a bit uncomfortable. How to answer this song? They are from so many countries, so many cultures, what song do they share? One woman suddenly cries out: but there is at least *one* composer among us. And I know there are musicians too. Everybody starts looking inquisitively at each other. Finally, one woman steps forward, a little piqued that her name was not remembered by all. Nevertheless, she makes an effort to compose an euro-sapphic anthem on the spot. She is so gifted that she not only succeeds in doing that, but also that the anthem can be sung in any of the languages represented by the members of the tribe. Quickly she teaches the words and the music to the assembled women and for a while there is a Babylonian noise of translations buzzing in the hut. After an amazingly short time everyone is ready to sing. In a beautiful harmony (that even surprises the singers) they sing the Eurosapphic Anthem.

When they are finished, the women of the amazonian tribe bang their hands on the floor and shout to show their appreciation. Proud of their achievement, the eurosapphic women look at each other and clap each other on shoulders and knees.

The chief smiles and seems to be very taken with the newly arrived women. She claps her hands and the young dykes appear with food and drink which they start passing around. Now that the welcoming ceremony seems to be over, the curiosity of the Eurosappho dykes about the savage lesbians is even greater. The women at the opposite side of the hut are of all ages and colours. There even are baby dykes and toddlers. Finnish Maria S., being a medical professional, can't help wondering about that. Jane H. and the fruit fly gynecologist seem to understand more about it but are not really sure if they are correct.

Although nobody seems to speak the same language, communication is somehow possible between members of the tribes. If nothing else works, Ing and Mieke combine their voices and translate it into double Dutch, which solves most problems. One of the first questions from the e-s dykes is, not surprisingly, about the baby dykes. The amazonian dykes throw their heads back in laughter. They hit each other on the back and nudge each other with their elbows. One woman speaks up. She tells about the early days of the tribe.

Once upon a time there were a couple of women, who were driven away by society because they lived unorthodox lives. They wandered through the forests for months and finally found this spot where they settled down. They wanted to create a world where they would be able to live their lives in a way that agreed with their beliefs and feelings. And so they did. Then, one day, on their way to work on the fields, they stumbled upon a body. It was a woman and she was more dead than alive. Shocked, they carried her back to the village and nursed her back to the land of the living. She was exhausted from a nightmarish trek through the rainforest and had caught some bug or other. The combination of the two events had nearly killed her. But she recovered really well through the good care of the women and later told them that she even felt stronger than before.

From that moment on strange changes started to take place in the village. The new woman flirted with other women, a phenomenon that was new to them. But very soon they took to this new attitude and amused themselves so much more than before. The lesbianitis virus brought to the village by the foundling had affected them all. But they were none the worse for it.

After the first period of loving one another even more changes took place. A few women suddenly became a little bit fatter, their periods stayed away and to the amazement of all other women they appeared to be pregnant. Nobody understood how this could have happened. Some of the women were a bit suspicious at first until they became pregnant themselves. They no longer could deny that the dyke babies were conceived without the aid of sperm.

Jane H. and Maria S. nodded their heads furiously. Yes, yes, yes! It must have been the virus that had changed something dramatically in the women. It was only natural that the babies that were born were dykes too.

After listening to the herstory of the lesbian tribe, the chief motioned the women to go outside. The same pleasant Three Degrees were there when the women trooped outside. The two tribes started to mix and mingle and exchange pleasantries. A group of women headed for the river and the others followed. On the small sandy beach they undressed. A couple of the Finns muttered that there was no `upstairs' to go to but goodnaturedly they joined the others in the water. The slowly flowing river caressed the tiredness out of their bodies and while some of the women floated leisurely others played or swam, but all were having a good time and felt very relaxed.

